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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON ORIGINALITY.

MR. EDITOR, —

YOU seem very anxious for original pieces: but what do you mean by ORIGINAL? I confess I am at a loss to form an appropriate idea of this term. Let us try it. If you get a piece which has never been in print, then you suppose you have an ORIGINAL: but this will not quite do. It may be a miserable, dull piece; it may not have one original idea; and, if it has ever so many, they may be very bad ones.

We say of a man who acts very differently from every body else—*he is quite an original*;—and the term is generally applied for some peculiar obliquy of conduct. I grant it is also used to denote a certain manner, and sometimes peculiar excellence. I call Anthony Benezet and John Howard, originals; but John Elwees and Rhynwick Williams were also originals.

As to originality in science, where are we to look for it? "There is nothing new under the sun."

Who ever doubted the new discoveries of *airs in chymistry*, until an old book lately informed us, that they were known by Doctor Mayow above a century ago?

The *balloons at least are new*; but not to the person who has read Ovid's very circumstantial account of the flight of DÆDALUS, and his unfortunate son; and who considers the Lapland practice of selling the wind, Bishop Wilkins's art of flying, and the ærial journeys of the witches on their broomsticks.

The invention of the *compass* has never been accurately dated. The Chinese claim it many thousand years ago; but the accurate Sinbad has, long since, in his voyages, given such an account of the wonderful property of the load-stone, that Europe, at least, must give up any title to it.

Columbus is supposed, by the unlearned many, to have been the first discoverer of *America*; but read the account of Plato's Atlantis, and Martin Behem of Nuremberg, on this subject, and then judge who has the justest title to this important discovery.

Who was the original inventor of *languages*?

I am sorry to deprive our countryman, Dr. Franklin, of his title to the original discovery of *drawing lightning from the clouds*, by his electrical kite; but any school-boy who has dabbled in the Classics, would ask me, if Prometheus was not long ago chained to a rock, to be the constant food of a vulture, for a similar attempt?

The discovery of *gun-powder* has been another bone of contention; and different nations have disputed the honor of finding out this happy mode of destroying our fellow-creatures; but Milton has plainly told us that the credit of this glorious invention is solely due to SATAN himself.

Printing has been attributed to so many different persons, that we are very much in the dark whether it had one or several inventors.

Leaving the arts, let us look a little at different kinds of composition. What a want of originality is here! We have Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Francis's Horace, and ten thousand other works and ideas in modern language, borrowed or stolen from the ancients, as we call them, who, most probably, got them in their turn from some of their predecessors. Even the great Milton's Paradise Lost, is traced to an Italian Tragedy. Of later times, much of the humor of the original Sterne is detected in Dr. Burton's Treatise on Melancholy; and Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina has, within these few years, been discovered to be a translation of a French ballad.

But, to return to the object of this letter, which is to endeavor to give you some assistance in your search after original pieces, and to point out what I believe a good-natured reader will be willing to accept for original; for, as to real originality, you must see I do not much believe in it.

Always endeavor to procure pieces which are subservient to the cause of religion and useful knowledge; select from the most approved new works, whatever may be useful; look carefully over the newspapers—they generally contain something NEW....And, lastly, be yourself original in admitting nothing which can offend the rigid eye of morality and decency. Leave controverted points in divinity to the heavy volumes of the casuists.

If you follow this advice, I will not only venture to pronounce you *original*, but also to foretel that your paper will live and flourish for many years. QUIDNUNC.

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WHAT THEN!

MR. EDITOR, —

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to myself, I am convinced that, if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to others.

When I was seventeen years of age, my father died, and left my mother, with myself and six other children, in great distress. My aunt, offered to take me as a chambermaid. As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer who had always been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advising me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and he added likewise, that he had prepared a faithful monitor to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be preserved from the danger so much dreaded. He then gave me written in large letters on a card, WHAT THEN? enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me, that whenever any one flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called, I should steadily reply, WHAT THEN? and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat WHAT THEN?

I assured him I should endeavor to follow his advice, and accordingly went to live with my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied WHAT THEN? It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers; and so preserved my character unsullied.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the marriage state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often profess-

ed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage ;—I had therefore recourse to my faithful monitor, and so repeatedly that I found him alarmed by it ; for at length in answering WHAT THEN ? he replied, " I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my monitor.

This inestimable *preservative* I would recommend to all young women, to secure them against the various arts of seduction, so frequently practised to the ruin of the unguarded. Consider well these two important words, WHAT THEN ? Pause awhile—beware—resist the temptation. What must be the consequence of listening to these seducers——Ah ! WHAT THEN ?

BIOGRAPHY.

CATHARINA, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SCHWARTZBURGH,

WAS a German lady, descended of a family renowned for valiant feats of arms, and which had already given an Emperor to Germany ; on a particular occasion this lady made the formidable duke of Alva tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the Emperor Charles the fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, passed through Thuringia ; Catharina, countess dowager of Schwartzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories. In return for which she bound herself to allow the Spanish troops, that were transported to Rudolstadt on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance ; that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the cheif of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt. Mean time, the Spanish general, attended by prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded ; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him a conscientious observance of it. A friendly reception and a well furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. His tidings informed her, that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people ; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered, wounded her to the quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue, to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle ; which done, she returned to the hall, rejoined the princes who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her laughing that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. " That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly. " My poor subjects must have their own again, or by G—d !"—Raising her voice in a threatening tone—" Princes' blood for oxens' blood !" With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which, in a few moments, was filled with armed men ; who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce looking fellows, duke Alva directly changed colour ; and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do, but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could ! Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits ; and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth ; concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity she had shewn. He entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable ; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages were made good, the countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle ; and they, in return, very courteously took their leave. It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for Catharina, Countess of Schwartzburg, the surname of the Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, earl Henry the XXXVIIth, as well as for her resolute perseverance in putting down the monks and improving the instruction of the schools. Numbers of protestant preachers, who had sustained persecution on account of religion, fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Casper Augila, parish priest at Saalfeldt ; who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor's army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain ; and, because he there refused to babtize a cannon ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiers, to be shot into the air ; a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in emminent danger of his life, and a price of 5000 florins was set upon his head, because, the emperor was enraged against him for having contumeliously attacked his interim from the pulpit. Catharina had him privately brought to her castle, on the petition of the people of Saalfeldt ; where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity, until the storm was blown over, and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honored and lamented, in the fifty-eighth year of her age, and the 29th of her reign. The church of Rudolstadt is in possession of her bones.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

WHAT IS HUMILITY ?

IT is a fair and fragrant flower : in its appearance modest : in its situation low and hidden. It does not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odours upon every passing gale. 'Tis unknown to the earthly botanist ; it discovers itself only to the spiritual searcher ; neither does he find it among those gay and gaudy tribes of flowers, with which the generality are so easily captivated : but in some obscure and unfrequented spot, where the human feet are rarely seen. But wherever he finds it, he is sure to behold its bosom opened to the Sun of Righteousness, receiving new sweets, in perpetual succession, from his exhaustless source.

WHAT IS MY BIBLE WORTH ?

WHEN I consider that it contains the most ancient and beautiful history of Kings and Prophets, and remarkable events—the word of the sweet Psalmist of Israel—the pious instructions of Solomon—the prophecies of the holy men of GOD—the Gospel of Christ, and the way of Salvation by Him,

and the sweet doctrines of the Apostles—O! the worth of it is beyond comparison—Nothing on earth can compare with it. *The scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith in* CHRIST JESUS, saith Paul: And nothing but Heaven can equal the worth of these divine writings.

These reflections were suggested to me upon reading the following anecdote, which tends to prove that the book must indeed be invaluable which can give comfort to the repentant sinner in the hour of death.

A society of gentlemen, most of them possessed of a liberal education and polished manners, but who unhappily had been seduced from a belief in the sacred scriptures, used to assemble alternately at each other's houses, for the purpose of ridiculing revelation, and hardening one another in their infidelity. At last, they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the bible; and so to be troubled no more with a book which was so hostile to their principles, and disquieting to their consciences. The day fixed upon came; a large fire was prepared; a bible was laid upon the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan, they fixed upon a young gentleman of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegance of manners. He undertook the task; and, after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applauses of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the bible, and was walking resolutely forward to put it in the fire; but happening to give it a look, all at once he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and his whole frame seemed convulsed: He returned to the table, and laying down the bible, said with a strong asseveration, "We will not burn *that book*, until we get a *better*."

Soon after this, this same gay and lively young gentleman died, and on his death-bed was led to sincere repentance, deriving unskaken hopes of forgiveness, and of future blessedness from that book he was once going to burn.

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GAMING.—Love of Gaming corrupts the best principles in the world; like a quicksand it swallows up a man in a moment.

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To preserve Clover-hay, and improve the quality of Straw.

In a day or two after your hay is cut, when only about half dried, let it be taken in and packed with alternate layers of straw: giving to each layer of clover 4 or 5 half-pints of salt, or more in proportion to the quantity of hay: 3 pints to the hundred weight will prevent fermentation, or excessive heat, which injures and moulds it. By not drying the hay as much as in common, and putting it up as above mentioned, it imparts to the straw the flavor and much of the quality of clover, and cattle eat one as greedily as the other.

AMUSING.

FROM THE PIC NIC.

OH! Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics? But I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *depilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her for some time, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sall, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeance; and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush are white to it.

But, to return to my Lady, all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called "Medea's Kettle; or the art of restoring decayed Beauty;" which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according to the directions. I spread it over her face, when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! —Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped,——I could not help laughing, neither, she looked so comical. As for my lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor lady's face remained just the same. We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff; muriatic acid, I think, she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have completely succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which, mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but in the mean time, for Heaven's sake, do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be very sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps, you know, change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own.—But I hear my lady's bell; and, as I cannot at present attend to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself

Yours, to command,

TABITHA TOILET.

VARIETY.

KNAVERY is in such perpetual motion, that it hath not always leisure to look to its own steps; it is like sliding upon skates, no motion so smooth or swift, but none gives so terrible a fall. —

La Bruyere says, that a man of wit, who is naturally proud, abates nothing of his pride or stiffness, for being poor. On the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more pliant and sociable, it is a little prosperity. —

The little catechism of the rights of men, says *Burke*, is soon learned; and the inferences are in the malignant passions of mankind.

A CARD.

☞ WE are sorry in being under the necessity of soliciting the attention of our patrons on a subject which involves a material point in publishing the HIVE, viz. *punctual payment*. As it is not an advertising vehicle, its whole support must be derived from regular remittances of subscription.—According to the original plan of this paper, another payment of *one dollar* became due on the 20th instant. There are many who commenced with the existence of the HIVE, and have not paid a single cent towards its support! But there are some who have been punctual in paying at the stated periods—to whom we tender our most grateful acknowledgments and thanks.

Those who receive the HIVE by mail, will please to take notice, our terms are, pay *in advance*.

Such of our town subscribers as cannot make it convenient to call at the office, previous to Saturday next, will, on that day, be waited on for their respective advances.

POETRY.

Mr. M'Dowell,

BE pleased to deposit the following in the Poetical Department of the next number of the HIVE, and thereby oblige

— A SUBSCRIBER.

To "MARIA."

Fallax gratia, et vana est pulchritudo.

DID beauty, spirit, wit, and sense, combin'd,
The speaking face, the animated mind,
Resistless passion to each youth impart;
Thy charms, Maria! must enslave each heart.—
When first beheld, 'twas Venus' self I saw;
When first I heard—I heard the sage of law;
Grace o'er each limb, her silken veil extends;
Thy every gesture winning ease attends;
Such is thy faultless harmony of face,
And such each rich, enchanting, heavenly, grace;
That even envy can no fault descry,—
But silent from thy form averts her eye!—
And hast thou faults?—alas! from fault who's free!
And who can dare condemn,—beholding thee?
Even while the rigid moralist would blame,
His heart denies the charge, his head would frame;
Reason with love maintains th' unequal strife,
And reason is to be resign'd—or life.—
[illegible] ere I can resign my latest breath,
Ere reason saving, I resort to death,
Hear from my dying lips these accents flow,
Attention now, is all thou canst bestow;
Yet, yet from wretchedness thy days I'd save;
Alas! there is no flatt'ry from the grave.

Dost thou not think that all must own thy sway,
And crouch, and fawn, and flatter, and obey?
That, at thy high behest, each prostrate youth
Must vow eternal ardency and truth?
Does not thy train each day swell more and more,
As billows drive on billows to the shore?
And as thy fancied conquests glut thine eyes,
Does not vain glory in thy bosom rise?
'Till rage of power expels each gentler guest,
And lust of admiration fills thy breast?
Then love, truth, candor, sympathy, retreat,
And leave thy heart—of vanity the seat:
Then slaves in thousands crowd upon thy sight;
What was a gift is now become a right;
With frequent incense bid thy shrine be crown'd,
And gather all the suppliant crew around,—
Forbid the wandering heart of youth to rove,
And damn the trembling vot'ry into love.
With fashion your extended rule you boast,
And rise in character a first rate toast—
Forget each gentler influence to dispense,
The enlivening smiles of gaiety and sense,
When the charm'd heart pays homage to the mind,
And proud of bondage, sues to be confin'd:
Ah no! far other thoughts thy mind employ,
Far other schemes of poor, ignoble joy;
In public walks to flutter, trip, and swim,
A painted butterfly in gayest trim;
By beaux surrounded, flatter'd, and betray'd,
While each in turn is favor'd by the maid:
While in thy ear, each tells his nauseous tale,
By repetition e'en to thee grown stale—
For the gross lie thou pay'st a ready smile,
Which the gull'd youth receives, nor thinks of guile,
Bids fond imagination paint its charm,
And, hoping love, suspects no latent harm.

But chances there to be some fav'rite swain,
Whom other belles had oft allur'd in vain,
Skill'd in each softer, gentler art to please,
To wit, politeness adds, t' attention, ease,
Who having long withstood thy soft alarms
Yields at the last a victim to thy charms;
The joy, from others, to have snatch'd the prize,
Sports in thy heart, and sparkles in thine eyes,
Unusual softness o'er thy manner throws,
And pride, rank pride, in ev'ry feature glows;
But chief the youth with transport is receiv'd,
For him thy friend had lov'd, & he that friend *deceiv'd.*

Ill fated youth! of casual whim the sport,
Whim as capricious as the smiles of court,
Though now in hope's gay vessel thou art borne,
And all thy luckless rivals laugh'st to scorn,
Think not, to others faithless as the wind,
That thou alone her vagrant sense canst bind!
No, were thou great as the immortal Jove,
And fresh and lovely as the God of Love,
To some new candidate, the palm thou'lt yield,
And quit the boasted honors of the field;
"Shorn of thy beams," no longer foremost shine,
But by his star eclips'd thy light resign:
In vain a careless air thy pangs would hide,
Still gnaws the worm of disappointed pride;
Sham'd by defeat, and smarting with thy pain,
The world's keen laughter thou wilt shun in vain;
Even she forbids thy torture e'er to cease,
And boasts her triumph o'er thy wounded peace.

But if some youth, more feeling than the rest,
Tir'd of thy wiles, or by thy frowns opprest,
Dares from thy loathed tyranny to fly,
And on some gentler bosom's truth rely,
Whose eye with modesty and candor beams,
Who speaks, and acts, and is what'e'er she seems,
Although her eye, not sparkles with thy fire,
Nor does her form to rival thine aspire;
Then when thou seest, that all thy arts are vain,
To lure the wander'd to thy net again,
Then thy insulted beauty to avenge,
Thou meditat'st a deep and fell revenge;
No sense of feeling shields the offending youth,
Thy hatred stops not, with the bounds of truth,
Envenom'd slanders, poison his good name,
Blight his fair prospects and attaint his fame;
Condemn'd to infamy he sinks aghast,
And mourns thy favor, which could only blast;
Thy busy malice dogs him e'en to death,
And his last sighs, reproach Maria's faith.

And art thou then secure from slander's tongue?
Has no full peal thy condemnation rung?
Ah! see the smile of that pert, simp'ring beau,
Ah! hear the titter of that female row—
Attend that whisper flying through the room!
It seals thy reputation's awful doom;
The conscious glance bespeaks thy near disgrace,
And flatt'ry's smile abandons ev'ry face;
See triumph sparkles in each rival's eyes,
As round from friend to friend the secret flies,
Before its breath, thy once gay prospects fade,
As wint'ry blasts, th' unshelt'red bud invade;
In vain, with truth and justice o' your side,
You boldly strive to stem th' opposing tide;
The hiss of slander deadens every cry,
And all that envy leaves thee, is—to fly!
Then wilt thou scandal's rank injustice see,
And feel the pangs that others felt from thee;
Then, then, at last, thou'lt own that heaven is just,
And mourn, too late, when humbled in the dust.

But youth is lost, the prime of life is past,
And age and wrinkles, must arrive at last;
What then, alas! must be thy wretched fate?
Each coxcomb's pity, and each beauty's hate!
Then the cosmetic art, thou'lt vainly ply,
And ev'ry mountebank's rank nostrums try
In vain—the roses came at nature's call,
And like the natural rose, when dead, will fall;
The flower without due moisture cannot thrive,
Youth yields the dew, which bids the cheeks revive;
Sudden forsaken by the num'rous train,
Which sung the false, deluding, Syren strain,
When with thy beauty all thy power is fled,
And thick disasters crowd around thy head,
Thou'lt ask, in vain, for shelter from the storm,
For who will guard from ill thy faded form?
Who will receive corruption to his heart?
Or warm the viper, when he sees the dart?
Who can thy fallen state with pity see?
Or weep the woes, that spring from vanity?
But if some female friend the wretch receive,
And gen'rous o'er thy fallen fortunes grieve,
Thee every tear, with folly must upbraid,
A poor, forsaken, scorn'd, despis'd OLD MAID.

Ah! say, ye fair, ye vain, ye flutt'ring throng,
The old man's pity, and the young man's song,
Say, while ye glide down pleasure's smiling stream,
And all around is one gay rapturous dream,
Say, when reflection comes unto her aid,
What are the thoughts of this deluded maid?
When age has riff'd from her cheek the bloom,
And dissipation op'd the early tomb;
When to the past she backward turns her eyes,
A long black train of fun'ral thoughts arise;
Shudd'ring she views the ghost of mispent time,
Of beauty blasted, and of faded prime;
In vain, from all these terrors to defend,
She asks the aid of husband, lover, friend;
Alas! no lover, husband, friend, is near,
The hours of *ennui*, age, and pain, to cheer;
The vaunted beauty, when her reign is o'er,
Will find a foe in ev'ry friend before;
The fair one's scorn, the empty coxcomb's jest,
Of joy the bane, society the pest;
Sham'd, hooted, laugh'd at, from the world she flies,
And in some lone neglected spot she dies;
The thoughts of what she was embitter death,
And useless murm'rings load her parting breath.

By thee, her tender charge the mother warns,
And in thy flow'ry path displays the thorns;
Bids her avoid the coquet's hateful name,
And if she's known, be known to honest fame;
Bids her, the call of vanity forget,
To seek of life, the low and obscure lot;
In social ties and duties to delight,
And taste the joy of having acted right;—
Ask to possess one honest heart alone,
And make that honest heart of her's the throne:
Thus, when the rose is faded on the cheek,
And the dim eye no longer rapture speak;
Still will the sunshine of the soul remain,
And cheer the couch of weakness and of pain;
The grave's rough path an husband's hand will smooth
And life's last struggles, whisp'ring angels sooth.

Baltimore, 1804. I——K——.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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